





footsteps in the snow  
tangled like a birth chord  
doughy dusk looming,  
    wading  
    crashing asunder

heartsplayed out in sky pastels

Birds gossiping neighbors continue on,  
holy banality stokes and exceeds  
    each second  
    Those seconds plucked from  
the turbid sea, blooming pot  
    of dire isolation

cursed squall shining  
a Mutilation like peonies  
and chrysanthemums

the night is leaning hard  
against the window sill,  
which filters out its own selections of noises:  
only rain on the left side, what sounds like a dog digging  
into the room, lucky crickets

age only being the dullness of an obsessive pain  
retreating constantly  
into a flower parade of relevance  
something like food poisoning

tight walls the color of raw liver  
swaddling like the sea

/curtains of crucifixión  
flowing, embittered sacrifice                  embers  
              treading bubblegum  
a Deep red syrup of texting back

berry bruised breath  
a brined clear salvation  
enters the conversation like a room dream-side,  
a non-door that was never there

you soft embalmer  
starry, starry

Moonfleet  
hunted odd flower among the reefs  
bare as a cliff,  
nude circuit like an arrow  
a crying current  
Scraping  
    Seeing  
        Threading  
        Reeling

fascination reeks in the sidewalls  
still sea and earth without you

    a seagull ballet  
        defined as a statue gaze,  
lacing through waves of dogged disregard, escape  
broken bloom closing  
    Down  
    Spume parting  
    Haunt  
        Murk

Blue Ceremony Linger

brute bliss  
faulted chance leavings  
loaded

tea dregs of desire  
unsolicited and  
indolic catch, as bone flower,  
as a sanguine drive

finished  
botched humors, tides  
blemishing each yesterday physique-  
stonefruit soft and aging in the sun

lending revelations  
aching sips of battered rue.  
Timing, an expectant mother  
swallowing swords without you

Time as debt and Time as  
distance, Time obsessed  
choking on an instant

clinging  
birdsong  
scalloped edges ready to be  
spread across my being

a mystery jar of unknown dark  
but vivid liquid  
used to cast spells or fertilize plants  
or other matters of making things grow  
bearing witness to an ending  
raking up questions into a pile  
fit to mushroom the dead into life

tide rip inheritance  
                  A feast, pulpy decorum  
of glances,  
shunning.  
Supple Prisoner, shoplifting endings

this pire - a grassy flamed flare  
flattening out wanting-  
this severed steak of a wish

clay cracked burial  
singed stalks encased and marking off their ashen  
names

                  Will you look back just once  
                  in time for me to be erased?

                  Fragmented and  
                  Heaving  
                  With Mulch odored significance, trailing  
up that balmy coast  
                  budding flight  
Hardened sick

a dream soaked  
                  dagger  
                  true, green,  
                  taking this place  
                  with a wound stream of desire,  
                  coppered and underground  
                  straying

Shaped like a trick

magma stage  
collecting burnt encampments  
called memory

milk of the night  
glowing like a foal's eye,  
letting a troubling amount of light in.

We all have cycles we confide in

finger slip  
a crack of god  
scurrying with the speed of something disgusting

flakes of rust and peach skins,  
the dermis of something so far lost  
horse vision  
with no slack-

The rupture begins.  
Bright ball of ruin  
a small world  
of stark, flaxen faith



in brick brown fur blanket of half sleep  
that wallows like ale

Like  
A storm grows  
on the altar of the sky,  
suspended as  
over a bed of terrible oil

Archived,  
Pressing,  
(as a sad question)  
beating  
crashing  
Fissure

[as your eyes unmaking a moment]

/ tarnished silver fear  
    a mellow blackened cloud  
    spores  
    from growth  
    herbs torn from the root  
living still almost wet  
with breath, fragrant

slowing to a roll  
    stone  
    toll  
a road with jaws from a sickened mutt, from a secret stolen  
    a price colored  
    sleep like  
    let go

falling death  
draining like an hour  
or an devout canal  
lined with fascinated weeds

floral lies  
caught mid-air, breathless  
from the days labors  
crawling across the earth like a frail gods pleasure

will binding,  
a taut flesh and wreck -  
empty head, empty milk eyes  
Yet

angel matter, formless and raging

Bear, Fool

honey state  
In waiting  
In trust to forward movement  
a forward, felt like halfseconds  
for the still lying alone,  
Dark Embossed  
    rift winding  
    flurries

In blind gut  
nothing,  
sorrow seal of hot wax -  
tiny wreckages, buried alive  
    under the future

Every garden is just a cage

A bowl of sugar morning

Like the green smell of an orchard  
oils of leaves and stems  
your raw and wintry pettigrain

To crack open  
Like a tin milagro- a leg, a dog,  
a stalk of corn, a fish, a kneeling man-  
a sacred heart with a prayer compartment

Unlit sky gazing over the lettuce fields,  
as time always moved different  
here, bodies aside

decay  
and giant  
holes in the second floor of sleep  
watching something white as spite  
stream  
through the window

night blooming jasmine-  
desire Sauntering  
Uncourteous and cluttered scent

powder paned  
underplayed  
fast as seal teeth knashing  
through ice Easy  
beyond drop away  
throng of shards

familiar wounded roots  
drinking in  
Red  
Spare  
stage door  
clanging pity mirror  
a cruel real soup

loud mist

sincere soil shouting  
this Moment ending tone  
In a flowerbed  
In stained-hand disrepair

Your Cirrus cloud catching light between the  
smallest air crystals shed  
of want and will  
Have they bled like a cut orange? are they even real?  
Do they form a shadow on the cement?  
Can you grow a garden in their shade?  
Thin enough to skin a trick?  
Dappled shade / shade of a ship  
Shadow long as a hallway's fist  
Secret wide as shame unlisted  
on the seventh day when god stopped listening  
Will as red  
As clay as hidden  
As water damned as praying children

In your hands cold Gasping now like diamond vapor  
under your brow  
old Pressurized and isolating  
Inside your mountainside  
Unwavering

Ransom of far away  
blue sands blue flower fields  
dancing like swollen corpses floating  
and complete, downriver  
bending broken in the wind like  
time escaping outside  
a bedside, open-pit mine

a Lonely archer stretching narratives  
to dump out April like a cracked vase  
Viscous, oiled, Dripping down and swarming out  
toward the sharp mouth of the south

and birds, final by definition,  
will always fly away

ants carrying tiny organs,  
bits and pieces, livers lips arms gall bladders  
    Into the pall  
        crossed and hatched  
    building something to seal away  
Spiraling down like a broken swallow  
a collapsed mineshaft  
oripiment  
engrained let go

An instant  
coruscating across the demand-less vista  
    edges,  
    The lip of a flame cries,  
approaching cloudy sear collide,  
as quickly as never was

skin cast undone  
and dog violets soaking forth  
all growing, sprouting from a well of blood



touch me like sleep talk  
intuitive  
without formalities,, weaving gesture crumbling  
like charcoal  
Speck smear of unholy hidden blow  
opaque and misty trail you summit-  
golden cliffside hanging  
and silently pierced,  
holy lance Snowwater  
and blood runoff

pale blue detachment  
I'm reading your book and you're just a character  
who never even had to forget me in the first  
place.

Bowing deep as a voyeur  
spectre lake  
treading til it turns to butter

The thing is it all ends like being at a loss for words

but not in an awestruck sense-  
in an empty and powerless grovel  
labdanum deep, gaping  
groping dark roar  
without towards

left behind all over again in the same supermarket,  
just a child, in the space between here  
and nowhere

a suffocating scent, dead weight  
(rotting carnations),  
cornering and creeping ivy edges

heart bound like a raw roast

rock rose  
sweat swirl

Rich  
cream of lies

wheels caught in the mud,  
in a garden of bribes  
thick as vetiver fat  
a wax waning its tides  
generous forfeit  
    all forefront  
store window capsized

Burning sake of  
A sudden lost flesh  
Hinting like hot water-

Silver, floating Lie  
emptied out my days  
Like an oil barrel resounds, cresting unburdened  
and depleted  
    Drastic held  
    small hell

    bluff fried bare  
    overlooking a canyon of chagrin, scorched and sun-  
bleached,  
kindled kindly  
    singe  
    of an orchid profile

Bright Bad Loss

Stuffed Final

barbed deliverance  
Upended  
with frolicking amber want  
A blooming  
spineless efficacy

Entombed and mute rose embrace  
a fallen offering,  
regardless of what remains,  
Mountain Whirling

Moonlight  
Lamb  
Shroud  
Leaving

A slow accident  
Cold

despised dank silence  
emulsion -dust and soul-  
Haunted gone  
with prayer peppered lies, scorned sugar sleep  
walk plastering over the days  
While this clawing mold,  
a star small degrade appears,  
As a corpse- as such tissues and fears  
Speaking fondly, flattering the pit  
    Speaks of the fall  
        the sea black and  
        the blue of it

deep of forbidden  
webbing water  
swears,  
    hugs tight the hail and tar  
    lined up against the  
    hot mouth of the road "Unfair"

bittered illusion swift  
flower fray, Spy  
    weeping,  
        Bait

-Juggler-  
Low,  
Back Nailed and marshy,

A Cursed Acorn Fool

a monster's aimlessly uneven peace  
crawling weary, stolen  
heart form

Sweet hay draped gentle  
as this mirror of a reminder  
pitiable, but unseen  
past-hued,  
                  spring  
                  radiance

                  Burning  
Hidden  
Ochre

passageway  
harrow stone  
    collected glass  
shards slumbering adrift  
Molting, Bent grace a Devout  
Disposal  
stolen jaws of night  
devouring  
doting closet spite

    tyrant lover  
    dragging in  
venom painting narratives  
a stark divider  
splitting faults like fruit forsaken

naked cloud of breathing oath  
tomato leaf and mossy hoof  
milky briar stirring moves  
spirit slight,  
lace veil of solitude

A Contagious  
Bruised lilac Descent

spiced sake of staying just a  
moment  
    injury lulled modestly Just  
    A Small Forgotten nothing  
bleeding bull love  
churning sleep  
    The Bright Leaving



Barco

Sin

switching out the planks  
torment torrent violent break

A year passes and a year  
escapes

melt sick awry, a year erases  
curdled still time sweet  
replacement

Another world

Cutting  
through

apples and frankincense  
a bed, a bell, a tower  
    calling out  
the skyline folds like an envelope  
drawing out names and dates  
In swift tiny passages  
    like black birds  
thoughts of them speckled and floating out  
to sea

blame swollen  
Blessed Shadow actor  
in a forgotten love

a thought of you and the seeping scent of fig leaves

brooding as guilt ,  
Entering the great backwoods  
slowly, in trepidation  
like walking into a fierce iron cage

rejoicing furnace  
this derived body harvest  
of revolting limits and tears

sinking in slow abandon  
crowning around the lakebed  
held  
in the palm warm silence -  
ghosts are just ideas  
that living inject themselves with, blind to breed their own  
downfall

as boulders swimming all night in a wide  
mouthed water,  
blissfully corroding, tiny martyrs to time

blurred silk spun, dust  
written  
and skin stuck-  
a forgotten touch that hadn't been,  
rolling away  
down the gorge palace,  
forsaken  
an empty womb

A room like a river moving  
in secret  
in the night  
he's a haunted house sleeping  
compartmentalized

One day it will come to pass  
A Delicate empire dropped down  
In your broken world  
In your hot bath

votive flame drenched in wax  
a silent word before the last

Encroaching shakes

Heart fire consuming  
and Eros backhand,

creaking  
wheel  
want

divine and  
stupefied martyr heavy  
and thick as thighs

Ribbons used to hang here,  
dripping blood insignia  
    Commanding  
        a behavior ringing with fear

stained finger forget  
blood plum in hand  
    dim Wind  
        whistle cut through  
frought all with chance stuck  
weight of gold, all in a  
    single glance

    Blood palm fresh up  
    salvia torn, against the wall  
    If only you knew  
If you knew at all

    Unidentified,  
    changing as hot glass  
    downpouring  
Hear the space between stones  
you're of the air in the morning  
    of thin skin of fruiting  
        Just before the fall  
        If only you knew  
        If you knew at all

Going back into a sleep  
on top of blood stained wood

scouring fever dirt  
pouring straight out of the  
scorched rich earth

cracked open  
And awake as treason from this  
thick dark enmity

pink hot pit

a doomed mountain stare

Lying, Majestic  
Secretions Pulling Sleepless

A shedding  
suffused with stars  
bitter evening smells  
of charred chrysanthemum

A layer of fine dirt coating like  
everdrifting promise

Specks of light  
Specks of soul Unbecoming  
Of a hallowed hole blessed  
blades deep

Salt of truth  
grasping  
Smithing out dense gleaming forgetfulness  
Secret remover  
Radiant  
disorder

Green sprouting undergrowth  
Fortified by loss  
a countless love mauling  
sanctioned out with  
white rot

Green festering overgrowth  
unavoidable, sweetened,  
and heavy by letting you go

hideous bells  
a quiet Contradicting  
badged with death and rooted expectation  
a grisly sifting  
with naked gloves of dusk

A barren renown  
seedling sundry terror -

these speechless  
                dread hounds,  
                a droopy mistrust,  
doubt ditches,  
wading in toothless appetite  
inching and consuming like a slowworm

yew spotted thoughts bubbling grasping for sleep  
banished

gentle swift doom  
So Late



Imposing halls of gall  
echoing like wrath  
A Spit solid  
recompense  
Like a stranger's story retold to fit the stars,  
sentimental as St. George  
    bound to stone  
for haunting vultures  
aporia entrapping scores  
Bleeding out all of the Colors

Fragile and flagrant effort  
Caught winding out like twine and purpose  
sheared from cycles

    Imbrued hand of winter  
Leathered carcass

(lost damnation)  
Coward Leaps,  
in drenched nature of ties  
Composed of broken bodies  
    unruly sunken shifting  
    lies

    Mercilessly-  
    A Century plant witness  
    this Little water heart  
    Easy, spilling  
    Watching  
    Slipping  
    Knocking  
    Crying  
in the name of dawn

hanging like vitriol  
placated, drumming, steady  
reflections of  
swallowing sentence like  
swallowing oil  
negated art of severed spoil- all I bring you  
hidden crucible  
soot stained as heartache  
unraveled  
by the mouthful

a yawning hell sky  
Breathing hard on a window  
glory looking for your blue to catch  
rolling out in spite of me  
a silky shadowing  
These seasons  
change at a different pace

This silence breeds,  
accumulates to light leaks  
strewn against a face, Oblique  
transmissions  
Self malignance  
beams still granting soft  
winded forgetfulness

Smile wide soft glow  
stone halo pain  
always just just a threshold  
Lustrous nothing, sunken fistful  
Leaning in to the let go

Plunging towards what must be magnificent straws  
making desperation a game.  
Innocuous spells  
Or something else that smells subterranean  
References these goat feelings,  
That barely fit in a fist

Ravening fruits,  
Possibilities shaking and insistent  
Repenting in the reluctant night  
A spectre  
Bounding through as an avalanche  
and cult-like unseriousness

But I still see you in small desert flowers, even when I'm  
not looking  
I appear to see you so clear tonight  
Swallowed in a cruel ocean valley  
Undone

doubled up demons  
with eyes flowering  
and spirit distended  
like wine spilt weeping, filling under skin like  
a bruise

fright and final  
    deer  
    bound  
    heated  
    slight  
as an afterthought

A train passing  
caught off-guard  
like knocking something loud and precious  
over  
could never have been  
caught in the first place

our tiny anguishes  
lassoed and spoiling with meaning  
and nothing lasts

a spell of torpor  
with blue tansy  
    violent

chastened with dim visions  
a white collapse      medical fetish stark  
downward from the center      and ropes, ribbons of pain  
decay and repudiate  
tracing the perimeter of the pale  
a Faceless injury  
just to feel the scale

cry instead cold throes  
of a self prescribed delusion  
free Downpour  
this turbid embankment  
outside your arms

rotten and withering shade sort  
of vacuous cremation,  
discerning all solitude

your brilliance  
flesh proclamation weeping light and vessels  
sorted without precarity

when really  
just looking for anything  
submerging confession  
a blessed Red Erosion  
this curse paste  
enveloped and  
provoking  
tremble sick with meaning  
eaten out from the abyss  
purging, welling up,  
unseated but  
stoking from deep within

Slugging knife  
Shoulder blade -  
Capricious Metals, and

Fowls  
Murdering,  
phantom wound  
Frothy and perilous  
Sinking in, a basin  
filled with black pitch                      and  
wax  
spine slack  
Against a wall  
Of cast off regret

Secret spill,  
royal and edging  
permanence,  
an autumnal blossoming  
Like a spell-  
just enough to ravage  
Vengeful.  
teeth snap

sweet, worn out flood  
    mutinous  
from whats become  
a parting in the black cloud of birds, crying,  
a gas station congregation, engulfing and  
only down here for the winter

    delicate cloth delineations  
creased like clay In my former  
purpose  
blind as palm Struck  
    Sink  
    like gypsum - plunging  
    stone fat  
a god texture -  
plumed metal resonance  
soapy and lush  
this Mineral pull  
straight from the bottom of the world

Stick to the sordid

Falling bliss

Goose down

Rip

milky feelings locked and frosted

rattled

Paused- to choose in spite of it

Welling up into the future filled,

Egg shells casting about,

splayed across a flattened field

doves are howling

And

a lost valley decomposes

mountain marrow

filled up-

climbing

fresh

and

want

burrowing like a whisper,

faint



A steep step  
Deep green hell  
Foaming  
precarious  
As an animalic choking

On a bright branded moon

This grieving stone  
Sulphuric pride and  
Fruiting new structures  
Empty, yellowed  
solitary

Climbing, unidentified  
Because without a name I can leave you sleeping  
in the grass Bed unmade  
can go back every week,  
boil the same water until it is all gas

looking for you where you are not there  
Eyes of soft wax  
lying to oneself again, leafing endlessly  
through sinking tomes  
and say I'm just searching for something beautiful  
(not you)  
Grace  
And speckled pearls

And some sort of vine that is used alone

Chasm seal bloated,  
lost and bounding  
denatured Arc of the highest  
calling  
gagged on avarice and  
blessed nothing.

tattered seraphim  
deprived of simplicity  
like knowing one's own reflection  
crown of seething  
mist and feathers

shifting like a hiding place  
candy shrapnel and  
whipped snowy glance  
Embossed with disdain-  
carnal bits like wax in honey

Sprite of anguish  
counting distance,  
sister of a dire chance -  
Some like to call it difference

Some don't give a passing thought  
Not knowing how to bury themselves

infected  
despair bunched like grapes  
a deep purple wretchedness  
drifting and remiss  
among reefs of anonymity

Desert dust licentious and  
shaken  
Horn drop trinity  
a flimsy lookout  
towards mistaken

Disguised and carceral gloam  
Embalming prison  
Within sacred topography and  
A sensibility of cobwebs

raven savory  
fell-hate  
Loosing faith with sear holding frenzy

as a regal sea bird  
as nailed to a bed post  
wrapped in twine and flowering play

crop circle crown, betrayal sweat

Can we go back  
from all that's left?  
taut and, wounded confused  
Rotten for  
apple drum, a howling sternum  
Can we go back from before

biting lapse-  
unable deeply  
and furiously forth Towards the destructive  
firmament, between burial pores  
stretching north an angel of scorn and trepidation  
sea bloom bounding  
sunken others  
fever founded with no trouble  
a thieving fit  
bulging liturgy undone,  
and wrapped up all in it

saw shape of hollowness, detailed to the thread  
history torn apart by turbines  
flesh slung  
odor

nothing more bruised and burnt dead remorse  
violent magnolia  
excruciating sap smother  
enormous spector  
an unchanging wind of naked venom  
creeping long and modest as nightfall

from a restless  
spring of blood  
towards a grave  
a chamber  
tastes of fertile loam  
your patterns grow me  
like orange trees,  
like the birds old  
in the winter

Time is so flattered,  
it ends up as a white sheet  
Covering a stiff but supple body  
Anonymous  
In rows of other graves

[cassandra complex]

Solar burst cinnamon  
                  shriek  
                  naive in the  
          cut-wet grass morning

Behind your back like an oil slick  
Rounded mirrors in the doomsayer den

Moon lethargy crisp and cool  
Sick elastic and  
                  Jeweled with truth  
                  Capricious insight  
                  stowing in a black pool

consumed by love and having no opinions  
shattering like sugar, anger,  
A sculpture , sumptuous dark gliding over  
I drive through the mountains to cast you out  
A white bull bleeding out over the hay  
flood deep

Drawing curtains like gauze, moonsick  
Silver shrink  
decompsing shrine  
Fever  
Fewer  
Clandestine

Waking up to a  
Mossing  
Dust, lamb, arrow  
the solar scent  
Silk worm armor

Caving in your ardent fire  
You carry your sadness like books  
gemini elastic and  
bruising hibiscus

Owl yawn the Peaking night  
now leftovers,  
like A photo leak  
Gauzed up  
And

Landscape of champagne  
memory Rotting green  
untoward dejection  
A drought written in breath  
an empty bath  
Oxidized copper dirges  
Weighted  
Wire



celestial wood-dog  
long nails  
wonderous fog  
(spoken like a funeral march)  
plummeting fog  
oathful fog, Many-colored

Devouring unfamiliar charms  
    A halting breath verdant,  
winged and foreign edges  
such diligent design -  
how memory changes the face  
    venusian malice groomed  
by such animalic weight

Bookbound touches rich  
    a haptic questioning  
    clouddrawn vanity  
swearing distances marked by the poisoned gait  
a vining spring breath punctual,  
scarlett Move Revelry

indignant flood  
tender fog  
mutinous

swollen fog  
sobbing fog  
an anodyne penance  
dwindling neptune midnight  
    fumes and swells

Muttering vessels

a Sea of molten copper  
Deviating steam

Gifts Struck with conscious

A Taste of blaspheme, Holy

Letters sealed with silver

Rings Imprinted  
Impressed on flashing iron  
Weaving and binding

Hollow sound Skin bottle

belly sonic

Ghost whispering through the dust from below

- a wind prison made of bronze or leather

Earth cavity

wind speaker king

And Wispy stone sea

comprised of flayed hide from a baby ox

A Flask on a vacant ship

Spirit tamer, a series of knots, Bag of winds

the Forging bellows evoking angels

Temple core with sorry libations

constraining the abyss

pitch in the mouth

circling like a cursed horse

smelling blood in all of it

Impossible forest  
listening

King Aeolus? Stillborn thousands,

rising wormwood star droughts

lost still dancing

on the memory shore

myrtle and rose words, gleaming  
ceramic glazed over

                    seeing a shadow is really just an empty  
space

                    partitioned and fragmented  
                    captured

And Dragged

wet soak across the floor

            Lingering, singing, just Dragging more

tender cremation

of these fields, so infinite

a sad incantation in watered weight confidence

Kneading earth bedding

            Resting encased

hearts, A Soft silk beheading

Each playing their part

Reprieving beheading

All just a slight

A slight made from time

sunken touch, just a whetstone -your hand on mine

                    Rampage,

                    Ash

                    Blue flowers and

                    Premonition

                            wind wry forget

                            soft suckle clay pit

                            Pink fever bliss

                            Only glass

                            only

Red song  
Red shadows  
    burning through a chalky wind  
snowstorm rearing  
Burrowing and shifting

Toward a hidden stranger  
Fates embrace  
Supple marrow of sleep  
A long language  
Long erased

Cherry cloud of honeyed mist  
    Glowing and Light  
    as a stalked, lost word

Blind and singing  
Deep useless fate-like lines of sediment  
Lost and splashing Woven, but still gone

A paralyzing clarity  
To sacrifice  
A dead hidden failure  
Broad vulgar streak

A Nameless creature with no reality  
Boiling over in vertigo  
Doorways sunken in  
Like a corpse Baking  
in slackened time,

silky proclamation  
A bed of blood  
Stomped irises  
And black soil

Castings strewn like rice,  
tinny highlights from the moonstruck plane  
About and above and below  
worship weeping  
Slide off the flesh

Between ghosts Blue basil  
    This  
    Thud then echo  
Clambering to the edge of floor  
Hungry for the slight of space

Luminous nothing  
A Soft embrace  
golden, bound, motherless  
    Deliberate  
    Gate dripping open  
Lost and woven into a thicket of shadow  
Snapping apart,  
like Mexican violet seeds  
dancing in a bird bath, my heart

Deep as sound

splintering  
luck hole

hardly away  
Pond scum drown  
Out and around  
the dim wreck of this town  
Cowering  
A Long black roaming  
In the expanse, emptied- creamy and  
sweet

Social exchanges like a meat grinder  
Flutes and machine guns  
Talking over shame to drown her out

Humiliation sillage  
Butterfat tension and eel bones  
Flayed attention split  
Glimpses unskeined and weak  
Flipping like pages  
Marbled Waves  
Qualified only through failure  
A fox chewing on sour grapes

Scattered dead

paperweight conscience  
Livid wreck of bells  
Grim                      Baked      Hollow  
   Passing

Like opening a door for a stranger once  
to never see them again  
Birds ripped away  
Flacon of stolen impressions  
A dried up pond

                            Abandoned ocean  
                            Mapping out loss  
Like chasing a generous migraine mesh  
glints off hills of porcelain  
sharp Like an apology  
            Like honeyed jasmine tombs,  
Salted Bliss  
foam rims, seething steady, ready to be let go

Like a Creeping white rot  
Blossoming and listening  
Watershed of Saturn  
sinews ghostly- shimmering forgotten sap strings  
Imbrued

                            Theiving eyes of cool light,  
                            Exacting punishment  
                            Through your grace.  
to keep looking-  
Ferns and mosses verdant  
Out and overgrowing this place  
wet with the springtime  
                            Bounding over something  
                            Bottomless

glorious shine through the sky's belly Bare  
The heart of a horse  
All Stolen by a dozing year  
all bitten by the flesh of the moon  
An orange-breasted bird dips  
and words are unlaced  
Mouth agape peering to the insides  
Island of sunny waste  
This palm slab of time

This Time, a gently Curved blade  
So Thrown like dice, Spilled really  
    a limp wristed half heart  
    Hushed yellow bleached patience  
        Because of  
    what looking this in the eye would mean

(diminishing into hindsight,  
climbing like eyes on the attack  
to the decrepit peak of the tower anguish-  
Surprise to say it's held together with a mortar  
  made of human perfection - eager, shining  
but with an uncurious remorse

cream top and mutilated, it leans but won't ever fall  
gripping lazily, a taunting flicker of the gaslight  
It won't )



Skydeep  
this funeral pit      with stars reeking of blood,  
                         hollow bellowing a bog meal-  
star fire  
this sun sack infection swift like licorice  
calf poor                        heaven drop  
surrounded by berries and fish nimble  
humming, murmuring

Sport pain and Grace bearing  
With dead pleasure  
laughing

horse run sinews  
From earths bondage  
dark trifle, both cloven and hidden,  
swept within Misery's alliance

There is a Love of ruins, for nothing endures  
tyrant pillars crumble revenge,  
a sleeping compass (remorse),  
seeped in blood brine  
Burning  
like a Woman

blushing sick a monster brood  
 shrieking milk fear  
 dream hum a kingdom  
 Destroying  
 In this inkwell of civilization  
 Straying  
 Mocking  
 Tolling  
 Sea

Condemnation Flesh -  
dew lapping  
And Throated such  
Madness

blades of fate and loud wind,  
baked with yellowstar and ritual leather

a heart of bergamot shunning  
with deep-crested despair  
dancing, lingering

a diamond wound  
billowing,  
sires multitudes of desolate  
trespass, with all eyes weird and plummet-  
ing

This Punishment  
a conversation knot  
bursting with delicate motions

a browned butter love

in caverns and evenings  
the dusky  
turgid  
margins

in a dark liquid collapse

a fragment  
Drenched  
flint and Alone  
Tenacious sap  
a Wholly effigy  
chalked  
plumb and tether.

an afterthought

Effusing madness soot  
                    and wounds  
            Swelling cold  
the blood failure that brings  
Deliverance

curing in a puddle -  
            divine water  
            summer ice  
all types of water that are poisonous,  
water used to sharpen knives

Iron broth, Malt sugar  
Soaked in you

rotting plum leaves  
wet with plum rain  
a small dog burrows  
ink, weight, mica  
rubbing out the ghosts

mistakes of chain mail, deadened  
implications  
murmer pink + jasmine clamor  
moonsoak details lined like  
pews, oiled and naked

Resolved vaguely  
Try again

living in the breeze between tiny  
leaves, ceramic excuses unravel,  
backlining  
onion eyes  
provoking

oxidized copper dirge,  
Part of the dreaming  
Try again

elevators and fog  
heaps of sugar  
...

Stretched out  
like outdoor sleep  
a fox in a burrow, a pill in a  
meadow  
onslaught pulpy,  
smoldering blue severance  
and deep  
ocean curls wringing  
a salt stained chalice of letting  
go  
The day is empty and the  
sky is full  
skull drop heavy,  
searing

Stretched out  
the door like sleep

an empty seat beside  
an empty hum of appliances  
an empty take, in stride

//  
smell the back of your neck in each  
rain  
shattered on the ground

[engels social murder]

little plastic ampoule caps, scattered like rice  
stacks of lab orders  
a thick bowl of nothing but regret

caught up like a teenager  
hook in wing round the rim of the valley  
look out the screen, a mountain grief towering  
red loneliness  
shaking mallow and barebreasted hunger

this bloom between us-  
a mass grave

the Wrath of god  
biting  
salt mine  
body bribe

a vengeance like fate, or st. Anthony's wrath-  
heard the voice of an ugly child  
silent ox ghost grazing  
earth in a yard forgotten  
trapped in a skein of walkways  
untethered and unborn

encroaching  
syrup annihilation

a bitterness called wellness  
all smoke

Clay hot  
Swirl

minor Morning  
tooth and gun

class rage  
as the bees  
//  
truth swollen

with virgin    blue flowers    at your feet  
Screeching    metal clouds    supple smoke    wake  
up    on a forever greyhound bus    aluminum ringing    damp  
massive as an assumption  
a strangled bird  
a flask filled    with hot sand  
Luscious Echo  
in the empty room  
gnawing

a chorus embalming &  
Animal despair  
draining rimshot pain  
&gleaming, glassstained soil rot

grass-burned & petrichor  
deathsoaked and slop

floor dragging , arbitrary and clawing  
searching  
for your paw print in the Saltillo tile

an empty vessel alphabet  
pouring out between the seams-  
bloody and oblique,  
cannot contain the Past.  
silk wrapped silencer  
all thumbs  
charred and scratching thin..

listening closely - there is something much older  
than language  
or death



Smoking  
cut up lily  
still hanging out to dry and weeping

